

FAMOUS VILLIANY AND TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.

The annexed revolting and horrid story—an over true tale!—comes to us from the "Post in (Eng.) Journal." So circumstantially is the whole account related, that we think there can be no doubt of its truth; yet it is terribly strange—stranger than fiction! It is not often that we publish statements so full of harrowing interest, but the singularity of the events at their denouement, imparts to them a continual interest, less that which hangs about the course of a man's life, or a Charitable Cause. Whatever may be thought of the intended heinousness of the desperate wife and mother by whose dread hands her sonorous instrument was unstrung, her rage cannot sufficiently exonerate the inconceivable wickedness by which it was twisted.

In the Spring of 1828, two young ladies, sis-
ters, named Louisa, and Ellen Price, of Lang-
dale Park, were placed by their widowed
mother at the boarding school of the celebrated
Mrs. Sherwood, between Powick and Worcester,
three miles from the latter place. Louisa
was then about 16, and Ellen 14 years of age.
It appears that Mrs. S. was in the habit of as-
sembling her pupils and friends of both sexes
every other week, for the purpose of performing
concerts of sacred music. To these par-
ties there came, among others, two young mer-
chants from Worcester, named Harris and Ben-
son.

We pass over the occurrences of three years,
during which time these two young creatures,
naturally interesting, and gifted with superior
abilities, were singled out by Harris and Ben-
son for their marked and undivided attention;
these becoming obvious, were communicated
by Mrs. S. to the mother, between whom and
the young men an explanation took place, and
they were ultimately received at her house as
the future husbands of her daughters. A bro-
ther of Mrs. Price's dying in 1820, left them,
it seems, a sum of money, on condition of their
not marrying until they attained, respectively
the age of twenty-five; and as the mother re-
fused her sanction to the marriage of her
daughters until the arrival of that time, the
circumstance was made a pretext by their pro-
fessed lovers to induce them to consent to an
elopement and private marriage; and in an evil
hour, these two innocent girls, with all the
fond affection of young and confiding hearts,
embarked their future worldly hopes and happiness
in one frail bark—the honor of their ad-
mirers—and eloped with them before daybreak
from Mrs. Sherwood's house. They proceeded
to a neighboring church (Hallow,) a few miles
off, the keys of which they had obtained by bri-
eling the sexton, who asserts that he was total-
ly ignorant of their intentions. Here a mock
ceremony of marriage was performed by an ac-
complice, who was dressed in the habiliments
of a clergyman. They resided for some months
after this in a cottage oxen in the suburbs of
Worcester; and here in April, 1827, Louisa the
oldest, gave birth to a daughter, the child of
Mr. Benson, to whom she thought herself mar-
ried. In June of the same year, Harris pro-
ceeded to Lishon on business connected with
the firm, where, as it subsequently turned out,
he married a daughter of Mr. Kent, a wine mer-
chant, of the firm of Kent and Brothers. He
returned to England in February of this year,
bringing his real wife with him, and purchased
a house at Kemsey, on the banks of the Severn.
Soon after Harris's return, Benson left
Loisia, then the mother of two children, with
whom and her sister he had been constantly
living up to that time, and took up his resi-
dence in Harris's house, from whence he sent
the unfortunate victims a letter, stating the
facts in relation to the villany practized upon
them and offering in the name of himself and
partner, to make a settlement upon them by
way of reparation.

Words would fail describing the shock pro-
duced by the communication of this totally unex-
pected blow, which robbed them of all that ren-
dered life in their estimation, worth preserv-
ing.

Ellen died a fortnight after in the lunatic as-
ylum, near Droitwich, in the arms of her sis-
ter, whose mind, it seems, was sustained by
her determination to execute a fearful venge-
ance on the guilty causes of their bitter sufferings,
which she too faithfully performed.

Learning that her pretended husband was
to be married on the 19th of March, and that
he was to return from Worcester to Kemsey
on the preceding evening in a gig with Harris,
to the latter, she planned and put in operation
the following frightful mode of retribution.

After strangling her two infants, and leav-
ing a letter on the table, stating that she would
not let them live to hear of their mother's dis-
grace, she dressed in man's clothes, armed her-
self with a brace of pistols, and knowing the
probable time of their approach, took her sta-
tion in a small shrubbery midway up a steep
bank where the road overhangs the river.—
On the approach of the gig, it appears that she
discharged both pistols, one of which took ef-
fect in the brain of Mr. Benson, who was driv-
ing, and who fell dead from his seat; the horse
taking fright, started off, and before Mr. Harris
could seize the reins to arrest him, plunged
over the cliff into the river, where both horse
and rider were drowned. The poor girl was
found quite dead, weltering in her blood (having
stabbed herself,) across the lifeless body

The horse and gig floated on to Gloucester bridge, where they were taken out
of the water. Harris's body was picked up
near Tewksbury; his young widow, we regret
to say, is likely soon to become a mother.—
Mrs. Price fortunately died within a month after
the eloquence. There have been many
instances of two families being blessed providentially,
and two innocent and lovely women, who, under
bright auspices, might have been the ornament and delight of society, gone down to the
grave in misery.

COMMUNICATION.

For the *Republican*,
"HERNANDO BANK, AND TOWN OF
COMMERCE."

DIRECT TRADE.—"CAPITAL OF THE SOUTH."—The brief and imperfect character of these essays, which, from the beginning were designed merely to direct the public eye to the subjects of which they so poorly treat, necessarily precludes the possibility, perhaps, *propriety*, of a minute and critical examination of the resources of the Southern Country. We will, therefore, content ourselves with a few additional considerations touching the CAPITAL OF THE South, and her ability to measure strength with the north in the business of *Direct Trade*, leaving the enlarged and statistical demonstration to some more gifted and potent pen.

From what has been before said it will not be difficult to see, that a large portion of the good people of the south and west, *Mississippians* embraced in the number; have been, and still are, most strangely, and disgracefully and ruinously duped in regard to what really constitutes CAPITAL, properly so called. Accustomed to hear the *northern man*; obviously and instinctively interested to deceive, affirm, that the *natural materials of wealth*, do not exist in the South, we have wisely come to the conclusion, in the face of the most positive and assuring facts, that it must indeed be so, without the first effort to solve the mystery. Having, as we suppose, received the small measure of instruction which we possess, in *commerce* and *political economy* from northern teachers, we are easily made to believe as the urchin credits the teachings of the pedagogue, that we have no separate and independent existence but "live, move and have our being," upon the tender charities of the colder states. However, it is "wondrous strange" that Heaven in the impartial dispensation of her blessings, has seen fit in her infinite and unapproachable wisdom and justice, to roll out the whole *southern and western divisions* of this mighty Union, into a premature aimless, and sickly existence, and like the monster-monarch of England, "*mis-shapen and scarce half made up*." But still more wondrous strange, that the products of her "poverty and squalid wretchedness," should be the means of building up large, flourishing and splendid cities hundreds of miles in the distance. If the South be so very "poor and needy," holding her very being at the will and pleasure of others, as our intelligent and *unselfish* friends would have us believe, how comes it to pass, we respectfully and earnestly enquire, that *southern patronage* is so much solicited abroad, and so greedily devoured Philadelphia, &c. Why attempt to retard the march of *southern commercial freedom*, if there is no possibility that its progress will redound to the pecuniary advantage of our frigid neighbors? Assuredly these late days of a world holding its vital principle in self-interest and exclusive aggrandisement, have not so completely upset the old and obstinate order of things, as to have rendered it probable, that the north desires the commercial connexion between us to live on to the latest time, only because of her inordinate and overweening regard for us? If, indeed, it be true, that she has been charitably feeding our stomachs, and clothing our nakedness, ever since the alliance commenced, as some contend, and is now willing that

it should be dissolved, why does she not take advice of her ancient and well tried *Counsellor*, *self-interest*, petition for an immediate and absolute divorce, and relieve herself from her southern dependents, by allowing them a separate maintenance of a few dollars annually, to prevent starvation, and death. Verily, she might find us, at trifling expense, from her *Concurrent*, sprinkled with a little *abstinent*, merely for the sake of flavor, until the high obligations upon humanity should be finally discharged.

The truth is, the South, whether she had capital or not, has timely supported two-thirds of the northern cities, ever since the government was formed. The equivalent too, is graciously granted, in political attempts to excite a servile and bloody insurrection amongst the happy and well-fed blacks of the country. We most deserved the treatment on account of our blind and un-inspecting credulity in them. It would not require the incredulity and inquisitiveness of *Nicodemus*, first to suspect and next to ascertain, that too many of their promises are of the liponly.

For, what advocate of experience as a guide for human conduct, can place his finger upon that page in the history of the world, on which it is recorded, that inhabitants of a frigid clime were greatly disposed to fulfil faithfully their engagements to others? What we intimate is historical and certainly has foundation in good philosophy. The Deity of English poets handsomely expresses it in his "Gibrur.

"The cold in clime, are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava flood,
That boils in Aetna's breast of flame."

The expression "cold and calculating" is as true as old, and should admonish the good citizens of the South, that a small measure of credit is to be attached to their whining professions of friendship, especially when they are born upon the wings of abolitionism.

But in the deepest seriousness and concern, let us briefly enquire, if the South and South-west, be entirely deficient in *capital and wealth*, and quite as poor and dependent, as they are described.

NO STOCKHOLDER.

CALHOUN AND CLAY.—We refer our readers to the letter of Mr. Bennet from Washington for a graphic sketch of the mental characteristics of these distinguished men. Mr. Bennett is a Whig and a man of great discrimination; his testimony may therefore be considered as favorable to Mr. Clay as that of any man who had intellectual character at stake. If Mr. Bennet had been a mere slang-whanger of party who staked truth, character and all on the political success of his champion he would have flattered Mr. Clay at the expense of all. But Mr. Calhoun is the most extraordinary man of the age, and Mr. Clay though unquestionably a great man, cannot be said to suffer in the least by the position in which Mr. Bennett places him when compared with Mr. Calhoun. As a profound and brilliant statesman Mr. Calhoun has perhaps no equal in any country. No matter what subject comes up for consideration Mr. Calhoun imparts to it a freshness and originality which astonish his opponents and increase the admiration of his friend. Next to the Sub Treasury bill we consider his views on the land question as of the deepest importance to the whole country, but particularly to the West and South-west. By giving the whole public land to the new States for one half the proceeds regulated by law, a vast drain of money from the new States is saved, their settlement is promoted; and what is of still more importance, one of the greatest sources of corruption to the federal government, and derangement of the currency effectually dried up. The day is not distant when Mr. Calhoun's plan will be adopted.—[Vicks. Sen.

FROM THE GRENADIAN.

Gov. McNETT'S MESSAGE.—We received, through the polite attention of our estimable fellow-townsman, W. H. WHITAKER, Esq. a copy of this interesting document on Tuesday evening last; and, by dint of "incessant labor, which overcomes all things," we are enabled, without extraneous assistance, to lay it before the patrons of "The Grenadian" this morning, in all its fair proportions.

The Message will speak for itself. Not one word of comment is requisite from us, in order to elucidate its positions. Manly and independent in its spirit—concise and perspicuous in its arguments—plain and strikingly intelligible in its language—it cannot fail to please the most fastidious; and we unhesitatingly pronounce it one of the most able State papers that have ever emanated from the Executive of Mississippi.

On the subject of banking, the Governor is peculiarly happy in his remarks and suggestions; and portrays, in vivid colors; the baleful tendency of this institution. The rationale of the system is given in a clear and comprehensible manner; and the operations of its varieties—from the Philadelphia mammoth down to the pygmies of Grenada—are exhibited in all

their horrid deformity, divested of the mystification with which it is endeavoring to cloak them. So glowingly has our Governor depicted the evils of banking, that we feel no reluctance to relate them; and we are more than ever anxious to give his remarks in full a disseminate perusal, without admiring, but, whatever his may at one time have attended its early operations, at the present day we consider it voluntary and that the evils inseparable from it, more than counterbalance its attendant benefits.

FOR THE R. C. REPUBLICAN.

TO MRS. . . .

When I close my languid eyes,
I dream of none but thee,
And oft in my dreams surmise
That you smile on me.

EST AH! THOSE GOLDEN DREAMS DEPART,
To think that we must sever;
Your image in my heart impressed
Grows, and there will grow forever.

TIS NOT AS BEAUTIFUL AS ROSE,
That in autumn fades;
TIS NOT AS MORNING Dews,
That seek retreat in shades.

BUT 'TIS AS FIRM AS THE ADAMANT ROCK,
As unshaken as the Mountain's base,
Unmoved as the beauteous Sun,
Wrapt in golden case.

THEN FARETHEWELL MY DEAREST GIRL,
We part, but not forever;
Those soft blue eyes, I see them yet,
Could I forget, not! never!

F. R. C.

Again as Southerners there are peculiar inducements to the cultivation of letters. To say nothing of the youth of your country, of the imperfect development of its resources, the peculiar susceptibility to impressions found in countries in their youth, as in ours in their youth. Lead your assistance to improvement now, and your example and precepts will carry more weight than they possibly can in any succeeding time! To say nothing of these things, there is a fact in the history of the world well worth the attention of every man whose lot has been cast amid the sun-plains of the South. If you will turn your attention to the records of the world's advancement you will find that the South appears to be the natural home, and is inhabitants the natural guardians, of learning and improvement. Egypt and Ethiopia, the country of the Nile, first started in the race and Persia and Palestine and Italy have each in their turn been the chief seats of residence. Homer and Solomon, Virgil, Dante, Tasso and Petrarch flourished in the South while greater writers innumerable grace the pages of its history. Whilst all Europe was lost in ignorance, Africa held the key of learning; her wise men saved from destruction the works of the Ancients, and when a bright day began to dawn, they it was who became the instructors of the world, and Italy the apostles of their scholars. Spain and Italy are the land of song and the language of the most illiterate partakes in no small degree of the inspiration. A further instance may be found nearer home. Whilst all the north of this continent was lying in savage ignorance at the discovery of America, the nations of the south were highly polished. Who can read of the state of things in Mexico and Peru, when Cortez and Pizarro invaded their shores, and at the same time remember the superior cultivation, almost at all times, found in the south of Europe and Asia and not be convinced that the south is the natural home of song and philosophy? We enjoy the same natural advantages, with others they never possessed. Our climate is as elevating as theirs, without the enervating influence they were subjected to, while we possess a language celebrated for its terseness and capability of expression; the state of society amongst us is far more favorable, the inhabitants, most of them, surrounded with wealth and gifted with leisure! Shall then the South throw away its advantages and be contented to import its literature and thoughts as it does merchandise? Such a course would be unworthy the destiny we hope to be naturally ours.

Patrick Henry was not like Washington, a professor of religion, yet in his last will, he gives this remarkable testimony in its favor. "This is all the inheritance I can give my dear family. The religion of Christ can give them one which will make them rich indeed." Not long before his death he thus expressed himself to a friend who had come to visit him. "Here," holding the Bible in his hand which he had been reading, "is a book worth all the books that ever were printed. Yet it is my misfortune, never to have found time to read it. I trust in the mercy of heaven that it is not yet too late."

Remarkable.—Geographers tell us there is a mountain in Norway, that has a hole through it. The aperture is more than half a mile long; and it is remarkable that at a certain season of the year the sun shines through it. Now if some of the philosophical societies would place lenses in this vast natural tube, and make a telescope of it, we presume new light might be cast upon the dark spots of the luminaries. We respectfully propose this to the million and a hundred schemers of the day.